

THE  
SYNAGOGVE,  
OR,  
THE SHADOW  
OF THE  
TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS,  
AND  
PRIVATE EJA-  
CVLATIONS.

In imitation of Mr. GEORGE  
HERBERT.

---

*Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima  
quæq; proponere.*

Plin. Secund. lib. 1. Epist. 5.

*Not to imitate the best example is the greatest folly.*

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LONDON,

Printed by J. L. for Phil. Stephens, and Christo-  
pher Smith, at the golden Lion in St.  
Pauls Church-yard. 1640.

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OR  
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OF THE  
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SACRED  
AND  
PRIVATE



GEORGE  
T.  
LONDON  
Printed by J. G. & Co. 10, St. Paul's Church-yard, London.

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## The Dedication.

**L**Ord, my first fruits should have been sent to thee,  
For thou the tree  
That bare them, onely lentest unto me.

But while I had the use, the fruit was mine,  
Not so divine  
As that I dare presume to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe, it fell unto the ground :  
And since I found  
It bruised in the dirt, nor cleane nor sound ;

Some I have wip'd and pickt, and bring thee now,  
Lord, thou know'st how :  
Gladly I would, but dare it not avow.

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the best,  
Accept the rest :  
Thy pardon and acceptance maketh blest.



The Dedication

It is not a new one, and I have not seen it before.

Glad I would, but I don't know.  
 I don't know, how?  
 Soon I have wings and I'll fly, and bring you now.

They garden and careen main dishes.  
A cup of the rest:  
Each side is, it does. To be righted.





## Subterliminare.

# A stepping-stone to the threshold of Mr. Herberts Church-porch.

**D**ic, Cujus templum? Christi. Quis Condidit? ecci.

Condidit Herbertus: dic, quibus auxiliis?

Auxiliis multis: quibus, haud mihi dicere fas est,

Tanta est ex dictis lis oriunda meis.

Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia, protinus obstat

Ingenium, dicens cuncta fuisse sua.

Ars negat, & nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo:

Nec facile est licet composuisse mihi.

Divide: Materiam det gratia, Materieq;

Ingenium cultus induat, arsq; Modos.

Non: ne displiceat pariter res Omnibus ista,

Nec sortita velint jura vocare sua;

Nempe pari sibi jure petunt cultusq; modosq;

Materiamq; ars, & gratia, & ingenium.

Ergo vult si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum,

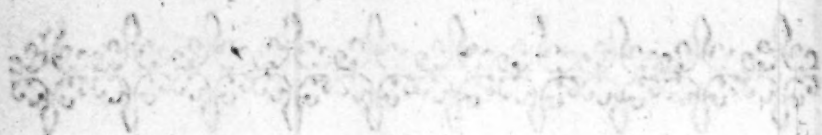
De templo Herberti talia dicta dabit.

In templo Herbertus candido est Gratia totus,

Ars pariter totus, totus & Ingenium.

Cedite Romane, Gratia quoq; cedite Muse:

Vnum pra cunctis Anglia jactet opus.



## The Declaration

I, God, my Father, should have been here to thee,

For thou art here,

That thou art here, and I am here,

But of the Lord, the Lord, the Lord, the Lord,

That to the Lord,

And I, the Lord, the Lord, the Lord, the Lord,

That to the Lord, the Lord, the Lord, the Lord,

And I, the Lord,

That to the Lord, the Lord, the Lord, the Lord,

Some I have with me, and some I have now,

I, and thou know, it now,

God, I would, but thou art now,

Such is it, the Lord, the Lord, the Lord, the Lord,

And I, the Lord,

The Lord, the Lord, the Lord, the Lord,



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Cedite Romane, Graiū quoq; cedite Musæ:

Vnum prae cunctis Anglia jactet opus.

## The Synagogue.

**W**Hat Church is this? Christs Church. Who build  
*Mr. George Herbert.* Who assisted it? (it)

Many assisted: who, I may not say,  
 So much contention might arise that way.  
 If I say Grace gave all, Wit straight doth thwart,  
 And sayes all that is there is mine: but Art  
 Denies and sayes ther's nothing there but's mine:  
 Nor can I easily the right define.  
 Divide: say, Grace the matter gave, and Wit  
 Did polish it, Art measured and made fit  
 Each severall piece, and fram'd it all together.  
 No, by no means: this may not please them neither.  
 None's well contented with a part alone,  
 When each doth challenge all to be his owne:  
 The matter, the expressions, and the measures,  
 Are equally Arts, Wits, and Graces treasures.  
 Then he that would impartially discusse  
 This doubtfull question, must answer thus:  
 In building of this temple *Mr. Herbert*  
 Is equally all Grace, all Wit, all Art.

*Roman and Grecian Muses all give way:  
 One English Poem darkens all your day.*

## ¶ The Church-yard.

**T**Hou that intendest to the Church to day,  
 Come take a turn or two, before thou go'st,  
 In the Church-yard: the walk is in the way.  
 Who takes best heede in going, hasteth most.  
 But he that unprepared rashly ventures,  
 Hastens perhaps to seale his deatch Indemnities.

¶ The



## *The Synagogue.*

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### ¶ The Church-stile.

**N**ext thou that stile? observe then how it rises  
Step after step, and equally descends:  
Such is the way to winne celestiaall prizes;  
Humility the course begins and ends.  
Would'st thou in grace to high perfection grow?  
Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low,

Humble thy selfe, and God will lift thee up;  
Those that exalt themselves, he casteth down:  
The hungry he invites with him to sup,  
And cleaiths the naked with his robe and Crown.  
Think not thou hast what thou from him would'st  
His labour's lost, if thou thy self canst save, (have;

Pride is the prodigallitie of grace,  
Which casteth all away by griping all:  
Humilitie is thrift, both keeps its place,  
And gaines by giving, rises by its fall.  
To get by giving, and to loofe by keeping,  
Is to be sad in mirth, and glad in weeping,

---

### ¶ The Church-gate.

**N**Ext to the stile, see where the gate doth stand,  
Which turning upon hooks and hinges may  
Easily be shut or open'd with one hand,  
Yet constant in its center still doth stay;  
And fetching a wide compasse round about,  
Keeps the same course and distance, never out.



*The Synagogue.*

Such must the course be that to Heaven tends :  
 He that the gates of righteousness would enter,  
 Must still continue constant to his ends,  
 And fix himselfe in God as in his center.

Cleave close to him by faith, then move which way  
 Discretion leads thee, and thou shalt not stray.

We never wander, till we loose our hold  
 Of him that is our way, our light, our guide ;  
 But when we grow of our own strength too bold,  
 Unhookt from him, we quickly turn aside.

He holds us up, whilest in him we are found ;  
 If once we fall from him, we goe to ground.

¶ *The Church-wals.*

**N**OW view the Wals, the Church is compast round,  
 As much for safety as for ornament :

'Tis an inclosure, and no common ground ;

'Tis Gods freehold, and but our tenement.

Tenants at will, and yet in taile we be :

Our children have the same right to't as we.

Remember there must be no glatts left ope,  
 Where God hath fenc'd for feare of false illusions :

God will have all or none ; allows no scope

For sinnes incroachments, and mens own intrusions.

Close binding locks his laws together fast :

He that plucks out the first, pulls down the last.

Either resolve for all, or else for none ;

Obedience universall he doth claime :

Either be wholly his, or all thine owne.

At what thou canst not reach, at least take ayme.

He that of purpose looks beside the marke,

Might as well hoodwinkt shoot, or in the darke.

¶ *The*

## The Synagogue.

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### ¶ The Church.

**L**astly consider where the Church doth stand;  
As neer unto the middle as may be :

God in his service chiefly doth command  
Above all other things sinceritie.

Lines drawn from side to side within a round,  
Not meeting in the Center, short are found.

Religion must not side with any thing  
That swerves from God, or else withdraws from him :  
He that a welcome sacrifice would bring,  
Must fetch it from the bottome, not the brim.

A sacred Temple of the Holy Ghost  
Each part of man must be, but his heart most.

Hypocrisie in Church is Alchymie,  
That casts a golden tincture upon brasie :  
There is no lessnet in it ; 'tis a lye,  
Though fairely stamp't for truth it often passe :  
Onely the Spirits *aqua regia* doth  
Discover it to be but painted froth.

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### ¶ The Church-porch.

**N**ow ere thou passest further, sit thee down  
In the Church-porch, & think what thou hast seen;  
Let due consideration either crown,  
Or crush thy former purposes. Between  
Rash undertakings and firme resolutions,  
Depends the strength or weaknesse of conclusions.

Trace

*The Synagogue.*

Trace thy steps backward in thy memory,  
And first resolve of that thou heardest last:

*Sinceritie.* It blots the historie

Of all religions actions, and doth blast

The comfort of them, when in them God sees

Nothing but outsidcs of formalities.

In earnest be religious, trifle not;

And rather for Gods sake then for thine own:

Thou hast rob'd him, unless he have got

By giving, if his glory be not grown

Together with thy good. Who seeketh more

Himself then God, would make his rooff his floore.

Next to *sinceritie* remember still,

Thou must resolve upon *Integritie*:

God will have all thou hast; thy minde, thy will,

Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works: A *nullitie*

It proves, when God, that should have all, doth finde

That there is any one thing left behinde.

And having given him all, thou must receive

All that he gives. Meete his commandement,

Resolve that thine obedience must not leave

Vntill it reach unto the same extent:

For all his precepts are of equall strength,

And measure thy performance to the length.

Then call to minde that *Constancy* must knit

Thine undertakings and thine actions fast:

He that sets forth towards Heaven, and doth sit

Down by the way, will be found short at last.

Be constant to the end, and thou shalt have

An heavenly garland, though an earthly grave.

But

## **The Synagogue.**

But he that would be constant, must not take  
Religion up by fits and starts alone;

But his continuall practise must it make :

His course must be from end to end but one.

Bones often broken and knit up againe; (gaine.

Loose of their length, though in their strength they

Lastly, remember that *Humilitie*  
Must solidate and keep all close together.

What pride puffes up with vaine futilitie,

Lyes open and exposed to all ill weather.

An empty bubble may faire colours carry;

But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate

Another's worth, but deale indifferently ;

View the defects of thy spirituall state,

And others graces with impartiall eye ;

The more thou deemest of thy selfe, the lesse

Esteeme of thee will all men else expresse.

Contract thy lesson now, and this is just

The summe of all. He that desires to see

The face of God, in his religion must

*Sincere, entire, constant, and humble* be.

If thus resolved, feare not to proceed; (speed.

Else the more haste thou mak'st, the worse thou'lt

¶ **Invitation.**



# The Synagogue.

## ¶ Invitation.

**T**Urn in, my Lord, turn in to mee:  
 My heart's an homely place;  
 But thou canst make corruption flee,  
 And fill it with thy grace.  
 So furnished, it will be brave;  
 And a rich dwelling thou shalt have.

It was thy lodging once before;  
 It builded was by thee;  
 But I to sinne set ope the doore,  
 It rendred was by mee;  
 And so thy building once defac'd,  
 And in thy roome another plac'd.

But he usurps, the right is thine:  
 Oh dispossesse him, Lord.  
 Doe thou but say, *this heart is mine,*  
 He's gone at the first word.  
 Thy word's thy will, thy will's thy power,  
 Thy time is alwaies; *now's mine* hower.

Now say to sinne, depart;  
 And, *soone, give me thine heart.*  
 Thou; that by saying *let it be,* didst make it;  
 Canst, if thou wilt, by saying *give't me,* take it.

¶ Comfort



¶ Comfort in extremitie.

Alas ! my Lord is going ;  
Oh my woe !  
It will be mine undoing,  
If he goe.  
Ile runne and overtake him:  
If he stay,  
Ile cry aloud, and make him  
Look this way.  
Oh stay my Lord, my love ; tis I,  
Comfort me quickly ; or I dye.

There up thy drooping spiriūs ;  
I am here.  
My all-sufficient merits  
Shall appeare  
Before the throne of glory  
In thy stead ;  
Ile put into thy story,  
What I d d.  
Lift up thine eyes, sad soule, and see  
Thy Saviour here. Loe, I am he.

Alas ! shall I present  
My sinfulness  
To thee ? Thou wilt resent  
The loathsomnesse.  
Be not afraid, I'le take :

Thy finnes on me ;  
And all my fauour make  
To shine on thee ;  
Lord, what thou'lt haue me, thou must make me.  
As I haue made thee, now I take thee.

¶ Resolution

## ¶ Resolution and assurance.

Lord, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not?

Beshrew that *not*;

It was my sinne begot

That question first: Yes Lord, thou wilt;

Thy blood was spilt

To wash away my guilt.

Lord, I will love thee. Shall I not?

Beshrew that *not*.

'Twas deaths accursed plot

To put that question. Yes I will,

Lord, loveth thee still

In spite of all my ill.

Then life and love continue still;

We shall and will

My Lord and I, untill

In his celestiall hill

We love our fill

When he hath purged all my ill.

## ¶ The Nativitie.

Unfold thy face, unmaske thy ray,

Shine forth, bright Sunne, double the day;

Let no malignant misty fume,

Nor foggy vapour once presume

To interpose thy perfect sight

This day, which makes us love thy light

For

## *The Synagogue.*

11

For ever better that we could  
That blessed object once behold,  
Which is both the circumference  
And center of all excellence:  
Or rather neither, but a treasure  
Unconfined without measure:  
Whose center and circumference  
Including all preheminnce,  
Excluding nothing but defect,  
And infinite in each respect;  
Is equally both here and there,  
And now and then, and every where;  
And alwaies one himselfe the same,  
A being farre above a name.  
Draw neer then, and freely poure  
Forth all thy light into that houre  
Which was crowned with his birth,  
And made heaven envy earth.

Let not his birth-day clouded be,  
By whom thou shinest, and we see.

---

## ¶ Vows broken and rewarded.

Said I not so, that I would sinne no more?  
Witnesse my God, I did.  
Yet I am runne againe upon the score,  
My faultes cannot be hid.  
What shall I doe? Make vows and break them still?  
'Twill be but labour lost.  
My good cannot prevaile against mine ill,  
The businesse will be crost.

Oh!

*The Synagogue.*

Oh ! say not so ; thou canst not tell, what strength  
 Thy God may give thee at the length.  
 Renew thy vowes, and if thou keep the last,  
 Thy God will pardon all that's past. (may  
 Vow whil'st thou canst ; whil'st thou canst vow, tho  
 Perhaps performe it when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not deny'd thee all,  
 Whil'st he permits thee but to call :  
 Call to thy God for grace to keep  
 Thy vowes ; and if thou break them, weep.  
 Weep for thy broken vowes, and vow againe :  
 Vowes made with tears cannot bee still in vaine.

Then once againe  
 I vow to mend my wayes :  
 Lord say Amen,  
 And thine be all the praise.

¶ *Confusion.*

OH ! how my minde  
 is gravel'd ?  
 not a thought  
 That I can finde,  
 but's ravel'd  
 all to nought.  
 Short ends of threds,  
 and narrow shreds  
 of lists,  
 Knots snarled rufles,  
 loose broken tufts  
 of twists,

## *The Synagogue.*

13

Are my torne meditations ragged clothing;  
Which wound and woven shape a suit for nothing.  
One while I think, and then I am in paine  
To think how to unthink that thought againe.

How can my soule  
but famish  
with this food?

Pleasures full bowle  
tastes rammish,  
taints the blood:

Profit picks bones,  
and chews on stones  
that choak:

Honour climbs hills,  
sats not, but fills  
with smoak.

And whilst my thoughts are greedy upon these,  
They passe by pearles, and stoop to pick up pease.  
Such wash and draffe is fit for none but swine;  
And such I am not, Lord, if I am thine.  
Cloth me anew, and feed me then afresh:  
Else my soule dyes famisht and starv'd with flesh.

---

## ¶ A Paradox.

*The worse the better.*

Welcome my health: this sicknesse makes me well.  
Medicines adieu:  
When with diseases I have list to dwell,  
I'll wish for you.

Welcom<sup>e</sup>



*The Synagogue.*

Welcome my strength: this weakenesse makes me able  
Powers adiew:

When I am weary grown of standing stable,  
I'll wish for you.

Welcome my wealth: this losse hath gain'd me more  
Riches adiew:

When I again grow greedy to be poore,  
I'll wish for you.

Welcome my credit: this disgrace is glory.  
Honours adiew:

When for renown and fame I shall be sorry,  
I'll wish for you.

Welcome content: this sorrow is my joy.  
Pleasures adiew:

When I desire such griefes as may annoy,  
I'll wish for you.

Health, strength, and riches, credit and content,  
Are spared best sometimes, when they are spent;  
Sicknesse and weaknesse, losse, disgrace and sorrow,  
Lend most sometimes, when they seeme most to hor-  
Blest be that hand that helps by hurting, gives (row:  
By taking, by forsaking me relieves.

If in my fall my rising be thy will;

Lord, I will say, *the worst: th: better still.*

I'll speak the Paradox, maintaine thou it;

And let thy grace supply my want of wit.

Leave me no learning that a man may see,

So I may be a scholar unto thee.

¶ *Inmates.*

¶ Inmates.

more A House I had (a heart I mean) so wide  
And full of spacious roomes on every side,  
That viewing it I thought I might doe well  
(Rather then keep it voide and make no gaine  
Of what I could not use) to entertaine  
Such guests as came. I did. But what befell  
Me quickly in that course, I sigh to tell.

A guest I had (alas ! I have her still)  
A great big bellyed guest, enough to fill  
The vast content of hell, *Corruption* :  
By entertaining her, I lost my right  
To more then all the world hath now in sight ; (one,  
Each day, each houre almost she brought forth  
Or other base begot, *Transgression*.

The charge grew great. I, that had lost before,  
All that I had, was forced now to score,  
For all the charges of their maintenance,  
In doomes-day book : who ever knew it would say,  
w : The least summe there was more then I could pay,  
When first 'twas due ; beside continuance,  
Which could not choöse but much the debt en-  
(hance.

To ease me, first I wisht her to remove ;  
But she would not. I sued her then above,  
And begg'd the Court of heaven, but in vaine,  
To cast her out. No, I could not evade  
The bargaine, which she pleaded I had made ;  
That whilest both lived, I should entertaine  
At mine own charge both her and all her traine.

No

No helpe then, but or I must die or she ;  
And yet my death of no availe would be :  
For one death I had died already then,  
When first she liv'd in me ; and now to die  
Another death againe, were but to tye  
And twist them both into a third ; which, when  
It once hath seized on, never looseth men.

Her death might be my life ; but her to kill  
I of my selfe had neither power, nor will.  
So desperate was my case, Whil' st I delayd,  
My guest still reem'd, my debts still greater grew ;  
The lesse I had to pay, the more was due :  
The more I knew, the more I was affraid ;  
The more I mus'd, the more I was dismayd.

At last I learnt, there was no way but one,  
A friend must do it for me. He alone,  
That is the Lord of life, by dying can  
Save men from death, and kill Corruption :  
And many yeers agoe the deed was done ;  
His heart was pierc'd, out of his side there ran  
Sinnes corrosives, restoratives for man.

This precious balme I begg'd, for pities sake,  
At Mercies gate : where Faith alone may take,  
What Grace and Truth doe offer liberally.  
Bonnie said, Come. I heard it, and beleev'd  
None ever there complain'd but was relieved:  
Hope waiting upon Faith, said instantly,  
That henceforth I should live, Corruption dye.

to the dy'd, I live. But yet, alas!  
We are not parted. She is where she was;  
Cleaves fast unto me, still looks through mine  
peaks in my tongue, and muses in my minde,  
Works with my hands: her body's left behinde,  
Although her soule be gone. My miseries  
All flow from hence; from hence my woes arise.

Loath my selfe, because I leave her not;  
Yet cannot leave her. No, she is my lot  
Now being dead, that living was my choice;  
And still though dead, she both conceives and beares  
Many faults daily, and as many feares:  
All which for vengeance call with a loud voice,  
And drown my comforts with their deadly noise.

Dead bodies kept unburied quickly stink,  
And putrefie: how can I then but think  
Corruption noysome, even mortify'd?  
Though such she were before, yet such to me  
She seemed not: Kind fooles can never see,  
Or will not credit, untill they have try'd,  
That friendly looks oft false intents doe hide.

But mortified Corruption lyes unmaskt,  
Blas her own secret filthynesse unaskt,  
To all that understand her. That doe none,  
In whom she lives embraced with delight:  
She first of all deprives them of their sight;  
Then dote they on her as upon their owne,  
And she to them seems beautifull alone.

But



But woe is me ! one part of me is dead,  
 The other lives. Yet that which lives, is led,  
 Or rather carry'd captive unto sinne,  
 By the dead part. I am a living grave,  
 And a dead body I within me have.  
 The worse part of the better oft doth win ;  
 And when I should have ended, I begin.

The sent would choak me, were it not that grace  
 Sometimes vouchsafeth to perfume the place  
 With odors of the spirit, which doe ease me,  
 And counterpoise Corruption. Blessed spirit,  
 Although eternall torments be my merit,  
 And of my self Transgressions onely please me,  
 Adde grace enough being reviv'd to raise me.

Challenge thine own : Let not intruders hold  
 Against thy right, what to my wrong I sold.  
 Having no state my selfe but tenancy,  
 And tenancy at will, what could I grant  
 That is not voided, if thou say avaunt ?  
 O speak the word, and make these inmates flee ;  
 Or which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

The





*The Synagogue.*

19

¶ *The Curbe.*

Eacerebell Thought do'st thou not know thy King,  
My God is here?  
Cannot his presence, if no other thing,  
Make thee forbear?  
Or were he absent, all the standers by  
Are but his spyes:  
And well he knows, if thou should'st it deny,  
Thy words were lyes.  
If others will not, yet I must, and will  
My selfe complaine.

My God, even now a base rebellious thought  
Began to move,  
And subt'ly twining with me would have wrought  
Me from thy love:  
Paine he would have me to believe, that sinne  
And thou might both  
Take up my heart together for your Inne,  
And neither loth  
The others company; a while sit still,  
And part againe.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redrest:  
The faule is great,  
And I the guilty party have confest,  
I must be beat:  
And I refuse not punishment for this,  
Though to my paine,  
So I may learne to doe no more amisse,  
Nor sinne againe.  
Correct me, if thou wilt, but teach me then,  
What I shall doe.

B

Lord

*The Synagogue.*

Lord of my life, me thinks I heare thee say,  
That labour's eas'd:

The fault that is confest, is done away;  
And thou art pleas'd.

How can I sinne againe, and wrong thee then  
That do'st relent,

And cease thine anger straight, as soon as men  
Doe but repent?

No rebell Thought: for if thou move againe,  
I'll tell thee too.

¶ *The Losse.*

**T**He match is made  
between my love and me:

And therefore glad  
and merry now I'll be.

Come Glorie, crowne  
my head,

and pleasures drowne  
my bed

of thornes in downe.

Sorrow begone,  
delight

and joy alone

besit my honey moone.

Be packing now  
you comb'rous Cares and Feares:

Mirth will allow  
no roome to sighs and teares.

Whilst thus I lay  
as ravisht with delight,

I heard one say,  
*so fooles their friends requite,*

## *The Synagogue.*

23

I knew the voyce,  
my Lords;  
and at the noise  
his words  
did make, arose.

I lookt and spied  
each where,  
and lowdly cry'd,  
my deare;  
but none reply'd.

Then to my griefe  
I found my love was gone,  
Without reliefe,  
leaving me all alone.

---

## ¶ *The Search.*

W Hither, oh ! whither is my Lord departed ?  
What can my Love, that is so tender hearted,  
Forfake the soule which once he thorow darted,  
As though it never smarted ?

No sure, my Love is here, if I could finde him :  
He that firsall can leave no place behinde him.  
But oh ! my fences are too weak to winde him,  
Or else I doe not minde him.

Oh ! no, I mind him not so as I ought;  
Nor seek him so as I by him was sought,  
When I had lost my selfe ; he dearly bought  
Me that was sold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me sound ;  
Lost him againe, by whom I first was found ;  
Him, that exalted me, have cast to th' ground :  
My finnes his bloud have drown'd.

B 2

Tell

*The Synagogue.*

Tell me, oh ! tell me (thou alone canst tell)  
 Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell :  
 For in thy absence heaven it selfe is hell ;  
 Without thee none is well.

Or if thou beest not gone, but onely hidest  
 Thy presence in the place where thou abidest ;  
 Teach me the sacred art, which thou providest  
 For all them whom thou guidest,

To seek and finde thee by : Else here I'le lye,  
 Vntill thou finde me. If thou let me dye  
 That onely unto thee for life doe cry,  
 Thou dyest as well as I.

For if thou live in me, and I in thee,  
 Then either both alive or dead must be :  
 At least, I'le lay my death on thee, and see  
 If thou wilt not agree.

For though thou be the judge thy selfe, I have  
 Thy promise for it which thou canst not wave,  
 That who salvation at thy hands doe crave,  
 Thou wilt not faile to save.

Oh ! seek and finde me then, or else deny  
 Thy truth, thy selfe. Oh ! thou that canst not lye  
 Shew thy selfe constant to thy word, draw nigh ;  
 Finde me. Loe, here I lye.

¶ *The Returne.*

Loe, now my love appeares,  
 My teares  
 Have cleared mine eyes. I see  
 'Tis he.

Thanks blessed Lord, thine absence was my hell ;  
 And now thou art returned, I am well.



## *The Synagogue.*

By this I see I must  
Not trust  
My joyes unto my selfe:  
This selfe  
Of too secure and presumptuous pleasure  
Had almost sunke my ship, and drown'd my treasure.

Who would have thought a joy  
So coy,  
To be offended so  
And go  
So suddenly away? as though enjoying  
Full pleasure and contentment were annoying.

Hereafter I had need  
Take heed:  
Joyes, amongst other things,  
Have wings,  
And watch their opportunities of flight;  
Converting in a moment day to night.

But is't enough for me,  
To be  
Instructed to be wise?  
I'll rise,  
And reade a lecture unto them that are  
Willing to learn, how comfort dwells with care.

He that his joyes would keepe,  
Must weepe,  
And in the brine of teares  
And feares  
Must pickle them. That powder will preserve:  
Faith with repentance is the soules ancre.

## *The Synagogue.*

Learn to make much of care:

A rare  
And precious balsome 'tis  
For blisse;

Which oft resides where mirth with sorrow meets,  
Heavenly joyes on earth are *bitter-sweets*.

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## ¶ The Circumcision.

Sorrow betide my sinnes! Must smart so soon  
Seaze on my Saviours tender flesh, scarce grown

Vnto an eight dayes age?

Can nothing else aswage

The wrath of heaven but his infant blood?

Innocent infant, infinitely good!

Is this thy welcome to the world, great God:

No sooner born but subject to the rod,

Of sinne incensed wrath?

Alas! what pleasure hath

Thy Fathers justice to begin thy passion

Almost together with thine incarnation?

Is it to annidate thy death? Indite

Thy condemnation himselfe? and write

The coppie with thy blood,

Since nothing is so good?

Or is't by this experiment to try,

Whether thou beest borne mortall and canst dye?

If man must needs draw blood of God, yet why  
Stayes he not till thy time be come to die?

Did

## *The Synagogue.*

Didst thou thus early bleed  
For us, to shew what need  
We have to hasten unto thee as fast,  
And learne that all the time is lost that's past?

'Tis true we should doe so. Yet in this blood  
Ther's something else that must be understood:

It seales thy covenant;

That so we may not want

Witnesse enough against thee, that thou art  
Made subject to the law to act our part.

The Sacrament of thy regeneration

It cannot be. It gives no intimation

Of what thou wert, but we.

Naive impuritie,

Originall corruption, was not thine;

But onely as thy righteousness is mine.

In holy Baptisme this is brought to mee,

As that in Circumcision was to thee:

And so thy losse and paine

Did prove my joy and gaine.

Thy Circumcision writ thy death in blood:

Baptisme in water seales my livelyhood.

Oh blessed change! yet rightly understood

That blood was water, and this water's blood.

What shall I give againe

To recompence thy paine?

Lord, take revenge upon me for this smart:

To quit thy fore-skin, circumsise my heart.

**¶ Inundation.**

## The Synagogue.

### ¶ Inundations.

**W**E talke of *Noahs* flood as of a wonder ;

And so we may :

The Scriptures say,

The waters did prevaile, the hills were under,

And nothing could be seen but sea.

And yet there are two other floods surpasse

That flood as farre,

As heaven one starre:

Which many men regard as little as

The ordinarieſt things that are.

The one is *finne*, the other is *salvation* :

And we muſt need

Confeſſe indeed

That either of them is an *inundation*,

That doth the *deluge* farre exceed.

In *Noahs* flood he and his houſhold liv'd ;

And there abode

A whole Ark-load

Of other creatures, that were then repriev'd,

All ſafely on the waters rode.

But when *finne* came, it overflowed all,

And left none free:

Nay, even he

That knew no *finne*, could not releaſe my thrall ;

But that he was made *finne* for me.

And



## *The Synagogue.*

And when salvation came, my Saviours blood  
Drown'd sinne againe  
With all its traine

Of evils; overflowing them with good,  
With good that ever shall remaine.

Oh! let there be one other inundation;

Let grace overflow

In my soule so,

That thankfulnesse may leuell with salvation;  
And sorrow sinne may overgrow.

Then will I praise my Lord and Saviour so,

That Angels shall

Admire mans fall;

When they shall see Gods greatest glory grow,  
Where Satan thought to root out all.

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## ¶ *Sinne.*

Sinne, I would faine define thee, but thou art

An uncouth thing,

All that I bring

To shew thee fully, shews thee but in part.

I call thee the *transgression of the law*.

And yet I read,

That sinne is dead

Without the law; and thence its strength doth draw.

I say thou art the  *sting of death*. 'Tis true.

And yet I finde

Death comes behinde:

The work is done before the pay be due.

## The Synagogue.

thou art the *devils work*. Yes hee  
Should much rather  
Call thee father:  
For he had been no devill but for thee.  
What shall I call thee then? If death and devill,  
Right understood,  
Be names too good;  
Ile say thou art the *quintessence of evil*.

## ¶ Travels at home. X

Oft have I wisht a traveller to be;  
Mine eyes did even itch the sights to see,  
That I had heard and read of. Oft I have  
Been greedy of occasion, as the grave  
That never sayes enough; yet still was crost  
When opportunities had promised most.  
At last I said: What meanst thou wandring else  
To straggle thus? Goe travell first thy selfe:  
Thy *little world* can shew thee wonders great;  
The *greater* may have more, but not more neat  
And curious pieces. Search, and thou shalt finde  
Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy *minds*  
*Europe* supplies, and *Asia* thy will,  
And *Africa* thine *affections*. And if still  
Thou list to travell further, put thy *sences*  
For both the *Indies*. Make no more pretences  
Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own  
And neere little world is still unknown.  
Away then with thy quadrants, compasses,  
Globes, tables, cards, and mappes, and minute glasses:  
Lay by thy journals and thy diaries,  
Close up thine annals and thy histories:

Scudie

## *The Synagogue.*

Studie thy selfe, and read what thou hast writ  
In thine own booke, thy conscience: Is it fit  
To labour after other knowledge so,  
And thine own needst, dearest selfe not know?  
Travels abroad both deare and dangerous are,  
Whil'ft oft the soule payes for the bodys fare:  
Travels at home are cheape and safe: Salvation  
Comes mounted on the wings of meditation.  
*He that doth live at home, and learns to know  
God and himselfe, needeth no further go.*

**FINIS.**